

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1919.

NO. 7.

THE BISHOP'S SPEECH.

Too much has perhaps already been said and written about the Bishop of Toledo for our words to count for much, but nevertheless a boy's opinion ought to count for something, if for no other reason than that it may show boy's degree of 'Mentality.'

Of course the Rev. Faculty were glad to entertain the Rt. Rev. Bishop at St. Joseph's. May we not be allowed to state that the some two hundred students also had good reason to appreciate His Grace's visit. We feel that the Bishop was not the only person to receive entertainment.

Certainly a more interesting and instructive address than his it is not often our privilege to hear. When it comes to entertaining, the good Bishop has one over on us, especially in ex tempore delivery. We feel justified in making the assertion that His Grace's time was not lost; nor could the forty-five minutes (it seemed much less) spent in the auditorium have been put to better use by the student-body.

His Grace's very presence bespeaks power and dignity — the quiet self-assurance of one who carries his honors and duties easily, and who may stoop without fear of losing any of his load.

In his speech he skillfully combines instruction and entertainment, for while his fundamental purpose is intensely serious, he adds enough hearty good-nature to make it spicy, without in any measure departing from his real purpose. His keenest wit, his jolliest story brought laughter, but even as we applauded we saw clearly the underlying lesson.

His Grace is gifted with a marked amount of that 'mentality' which he advocates, a quality which shows itself in his power to pierce the veil which envelopes most questions of the day, to grasp unerringly the deeper meaning of a situation, to abstract the essentials and then to give them to his listeners with forceful eloquence.

LECTURE BY DR. SULMONI, S. J.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 11, Dr. Sulmoni to whom the care of the Armenian Catholics of the middle West has been entrusted for the past ten years, gave a very interesting lecture on the sad conditions and persecutions of Christians at the hands of the Mohammedan Turks. The lecture was above all instructive. We who live in a country of religious freedom are little inclined to think of persecutions in the Orient unless some one reminds us of them. The fact that Dr. Sulmoni proved himself to be a very learned man and to have traveled very extensively made the lecture unusually interesting. Although his message was of a grave nature he did not lack humor.

He was very cunning in keeping the eyes of the audience fixed closely upon him by adroitly weaving a few witticisms into his lecture. His observations of the different peoples about whom he spoke are well worth remembering. The only thing to be regreted is that not all that he said was understood.

We often attend lectures for the purpose of being amused. We are generally both amused and instructed. If we reflect upon the good lecture we will see that they are of no small benefit. Besides imparting information they have a peculiar power of showing us the fruits of an education, and give us a new impetus to pursue our studies. Just when the next lecture will be, or how many we will have this year has not been announced.

OUR LIBRARY.

Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door, is a proverb tried and true. And college opportunity, in some form or other is continually at our side. The college library, especially, is always at hand, ready to give pleasure or instruct as our mood may be. There is a certain charm in reading not to be experienced in any other division. Literature is the great storehouse of the best and greatest in man, may, in fact, be termed the archives of the races. A few hours of thoughtful reading will give you a new outlook on life, will enable you to observe various problems from different angles, will endow you with greater appreciation of the things worth while. You will find the expression of yourself in some beautiful passage of poetry, stirring speech, brilliant essay, or fascinating novel.

Our library is peculiarly adapted to the needs of the student body. A zealous student of the classics will discover the great works of ancient Greece and Rome, of Israel perhaps, on its bookshelves. The student of German will notice that the library is richly endowed with the works of the most prominent German authors; the admirer of French seeks not in vain for Moliere and Racine.

But the greatest treasures in the library are those of English literature. You may marvel at the matchless dramas of Shakespeare, be awed by the sublimity of Milton, revel in the delights of Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, and all that wonderful band. If novels be your delight, Dickens, Thackeray, Goldsmith, Hawthorne, Howells, James, Tarkington, Nicholson and a score of others are at your service. Burke would speak to you; the essays of Addison, Dryden, Newman and Carlyle cannot fail to attract your attention. Irving, Holmes, Artemus, Ward and Mark Twain stand ready to do yoeman's service when it is required. And for those who

still find delight in so called juvenile literature, Father Finn, Horatio Alger, Castlemon and Illis offer a large repertoire from which to select.

Besides this the library has an extensive assortment of magazines and newspapers, of all degrees, from the lordly, erudite "Atlantic Monthly" to the lowly "Popular Mechanics". "America", the representative Catholic weekly, is to be had, and will be found to contain much of interest to everyone. "Our Sunday Visitor" is a welcome visitor indeed, due to its pungent editorials and ready replies on matters Catholic.

Review this imposing array, and reflect whether you can afford to let this rare opportunity pass by. Make use of this means, and you will find yourself amply repaid for your pains, not only in the improvements effected in your style and speech, but also in the exalted pleasure which literature alone affords you.

C. G.

WHAT AN EDITOR SAW.

Last evening I was talking,
With the editor of the Cheer;
Who told me of a dream he'd had,
I think it was last year.
While snoozing in his office
The vision came to view;
For he saw an angel enter,
In garments white and new.

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven;
The Lord has sent me down
To bring you up to glory
And put on your golden crown.
For you've been a friend to every one,
And worked hard night and day;
You have cheered up many thousands
Tho from few received your pay.

So we want you up in glory,
For you sure have labored hard,
And the good Lord had prepared
Your eternal, just reward."
Then the angel and the editor
Started up toward glory's gate,
But when passing close to Hades,
The angel murmured, "Waite.

I've got a place to show you,
It's the hottest place in Hell,
Where the ones who never paid you
In torments always dwell."
And behold, the editor saw there
Old subscribers by the score,
And grabbing up a chair and fan
He wished for nothing more.

But was bound he'd sit and watch
As they'd sizzle there and burn;
And his eyes would rest on debtors
Which ever way they'd turn.
Said the angel, "Come on Ed,
There the pearly gates I see."
But the editor just muttered,
"This is heaven enough for me."

WHISKERS.

By Prof. Wiseacre Knowall.

Their Specific Cultivation.

If you should ever be so fortunate as to acquire a painting by one of the old masters, or even an exact copy of one, it would not pay to buy an expensive frame for it, because people would not admire the frame, but the piece of art. For any ordinary picture, however, you are supposed to furnish a beautiful frame, because then persons entering your parlor can at least admire the nice frame.

We have already seen where whiskers love to grow and in their position they form, as it were, a frame for man's face. Now, if a man has a beautiful face, he need not be so particular about his whiskers; but homely looking fellows — and about 90% of us belong to this class — should exercise the greatest possible care for the frame around their ordinary physiognomy.

There are men, and women too, who claim to have made a study of this subject. We call them tonsorial artists, or vulgo barbers. In all these centuries of industrial progress the barber has been the most backward. He still uses shears and razors of the same pattern as he did at the time of Caesar Augustus. The only new invention he has adopted is the vibrator and that was not made by him or for him. Anybody that will attentively read the hints that are given below can be his own tonsorial artist as far as whiskers are concerned, and thus save money that may be used to better advantage.

In order that the reader may understand my instructions more thoroughly, I have chosen known facts from nature to illustrate the meaning. We shall follow the existence of whiskers from their infancy to the grave.

How are whiskers transplanted from father to son? Do you know how to raise mushrooms? You buy a "brick" saturated with spawn — they have no seed — and with that you inoculate the bed where you intend to raise them. Whiskers are plants of the same habits as mushrooms, only they do not grow quite as fast. When the baby boy is still very little his fond father will lift him from the tiny crib and impress a loving kiss upon the rosy lips, at the same time inoculating the surface around the little mouth with whisker spawn. This then lies dormant for may be fifteen to sixteen years and in some exceptional cases even longer. The above mode of transplantation also accounts for the phenomenon that the son's whiskers generally have the same color as father's.

In spring the farmer carefully prepares the seed-bed before he plants his corn. But lo! after planting a hard rain beats down the ground and the hot sun afterwards bakes it so hard that the tiny sprouts cannot pierce the crust. You can notice little hills or elevations, the ground has been lifted, but the blade cannot come through.

I remember very well when I was a young man at college there were quite a number of my fellow students that complained about a peculiar ailment; their chin and the side of their face was

(Continued on page 6.)

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ADDRESS

**EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
 COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.**

Wednesday, February 19, 1919.

EDITORIALS.**Life.**

FOR centuries and centuries, yes for aeons and aeons man has lived, therefore life. Through this interminable length of time the mighty mind of man has grappled fearlessly yet feebly with the prodigious problems of life, but has even failed to define life itself. Webster, that mighty man of reference, to whom all flee in times of distress, defines Life as follows: "Life is a succession of blue books, bad luck and hard knocks from the cradle to the grave. True it is interspersed with a few bright spots in order to let us down easy, but the motto of every one who wishes to make a success of it must be, "Don't give up till the hearse comes round."

Fitting, indeed, is Webster's definition. Floating down Life's stream we come to a rock — a colossal rock, one impassable and impregnable; that rock is a disappointment. But we should never be discouraged and always remember these lines of the poet:

"Into each life some rain must fall,
 A little hail and that ain't all."

Before us lie innumerable obstacles hampering us, retarding our progress toward the goal of our ambitions; — we flunk in Math or get sloughed in Greek, but we must mount upward as the eagle, always remembering Shakespeare's immortal words:

"Whene'er there's life there's always hope,
 When life is dark use Ivory soap".

Alexander Pope, after crossing the Delaware, once said,

"Live so that each day's setting sun
 Shall set before your work is done."

Analyzing closely this couplet one finds that one's work should be of such a strenuous nature that one is never through with it in the evening. There is a spark of hope in that surely.

The speaker has read with great amusement Mark Anthony's address to the house of Parliament, which starts as you well know,

"To be or not to be"

Sheer nonsense this talk of "not to be". The fact is we are, whether we want to be or not. That just reminds me of what the older of a pair of twins wrote about himself before he was two hours old. In disconnected shrieks, yells, gasps, and long piercing squalls he said: I am born.

Didn't want to be either. But who cares what I want. Nurse hustled me into a roll of flannel that smelled horribly of paregoric, and tried to stifle me by covering up my face. But I bawled all the louder.

Since we must be even against our wills, it behooves us to put our feet on the rounds of the ladder of fame, looking neither to the right nor the left, and to steer a straight course to the top. Was it not "The Lady from Philadelphia" in her cozy corner talks with girls, who said:

Climb to the topmost round o' fame,
 Posterity will love your name.
 If climbing's slippery for you
 Just use a lot of Royal glüh.

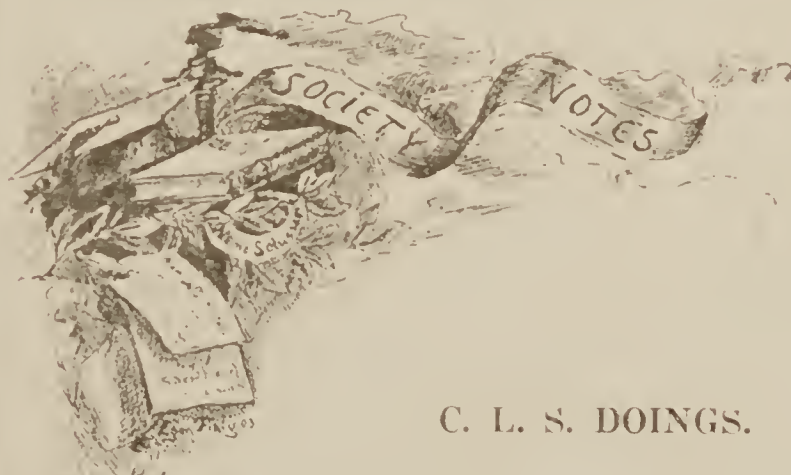
We must hew to the mark, and care not for the chips. Somebody will pick them up, but we must hew, hew, hew.

Then eat lest when we have braved the breakers and invested our savings in sugar stock, we can die in peace knowing that we have accumulated enough wealth to keep some poor squirrel out of the poor house forever. I cannot close with out quoting these pathetic yet powerful words of the Speaker of the House of Representatives:

"We live for those who send us to these historic halls;
 We vote for all the measures that to our lot befalls.
 Providing all these measures reach us amended so
 The common people of the land will simply have no show."

And I dare not let this occasion pass without adding these words of the great Longfellow, so inspiring to all Machabees and Frenchmen:

Lives of Great men all remind us,
 Copying always what is best,
 We in parting leave behind us
 Ponies that will help the rest."

**C. L. S. DOINGS.**

Private Programme — Feb. 16, 1919.

1. Sensation C. L. S. Orchestra
 2. Smiting the Rock Bernard Lear
 3. Uncle Ruben's Baptism Paul Greenwell
 4. Song of the Roses (Cornet Solo) Leo Pursley
 5. Storm at Sea Nicholas Schaal
 6. The Bluebird (Vocal Solo) George LaMotte
 7. The Legend of Innisfallen.....Justin Oppenheim
 8. Dialogue "Chance Acquaintances" Cyril Ernst and Francis Miller
 9. Violin Solo Baracarolle..... from tales of Hoffman J. Oppenheim
 10. Debate—Resolved: That immigration should be restricted by law.—
 Affirmative Joseph Schumacher
 Negative..... Clarence McGinty.
 11. Ja-Da C. L. S. Orchestra
- Announcement of decision.

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ATHLETICS.

St. Joe Bows to Aviators.

On Feb. 6, the St. Joe five met their first reverse of the season at the hands of the Great Lakes Aviation team by the score of 38 to 19. The game was fast and hotly contested until the last few minutes of play when the "Gobs" tore loose, and kept rolling them in.

Although outweighed, St. Joe held her own the first half, with the Gobs setting the pace. The Aviators played a perfect defense game, while St. Joe was rather weak in this respect. The second half began with a rush, and for the first five minutes both teams went scoreless. St. Joe did her best, but the pace was too fast, and the Gobs kept rolling them in. The score stood 38-19 when final shot sounded, closing one of the fastest games ever played in our Gym. A few more such games and the rather inexperience of the St. Joe five, will be quickly overcome, and we will soon be rooting for the greatest team St. Joe has ever produced.

Line-up.

St. Joe.	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Schaeffer	1	0	2
Rose	4	0	8
Wellman	1	0	2
O'Brien	2	3	7
Harber	0	0	0
Total			19
Great Lakes.	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Cook		0	8
Tilleson	5	0	10
Von	6	0	12
Bernard	1	4	6
Robbins	1	0	2
Total			38

St. Joe Drops Another. Loses to St. Viators 32-13.

The St. Joe five suffered their second defeat of the season, when traveling to St. Viator's, Kankakee, Ill., on Wednesday, Feb. 12, and were forced to accept the smaller end of the score 32-13. The game would indicate a runaway for the St. Viators, but beyond, playing on their home floor, and being able to hit the basket, they were never the superiors of St. Joe. Sweeney, center for St. Viators, always came within a foot of out-jumping Wellman. St. Joe took the ball at every

tip-off, worked her way to the basket, but for some reason, could never drop it in. O'Brien, the pivot of St. Joe's passwork, sprained his ankle during the first half, which hindered him during the rest of the game. St. Viators took advantage of this and rolled up the score to 22-7, when the first half ended. Determined to "tear 'em up", the second half, St. Joe held their opponents to 10 points, but they could only register 6. St. Joe's passwork at times was brilliant, but her defense was not very strong. The entire team worked hard to gain the lead, but Harber and O'Brien, were the only ones who could successfully break through their defense.

The line-up:

	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Schaeffer	0	0	0
Rose	0	0	0
Wellman	2	0	4
O'Brien	3	3	9
Harber	0	0	0
Total			13
	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Bushell	6	0	12
Lyons	3	0	6
Sweeney	5	0	10
Kearney	0	0	0
Deloney	2	0	4
Total			32

Did you ask, where am I going to get my New Spring Suit?

At Duvall's Quality Shop, he always gives me a perfect fit and at a price which fits my purse.

St. Joe 18; Rensselaer 11.

On Feb. 16, the St. Joe Juniors met and conquered the Second Hi Team of Rensselaer. The game, which was fast throughout was an easy victory for St. Joe. Rensselaer played a clean and fast game. Although Kallal starred for St. Joe, the team played together, no individual work took place.

The line-up follows:

St. Joe.	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Recker	3	0	6
Arnold	2	0	4
Kallal	3	0	6
Wojinski	1	0	2
Dunkel	0	0	0
Total			18

	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Rensselaer			
Tilton	4	0	8
Larsh	1	0	2
Grow	0	0	0
Collins	0	1	1
Merica	0	0	0
Crooks	0	0	0
Total	5	1	11

St. Joe 20; St. X. 14.

On Sunday, Feb. 9, in a speedy but rough game the St. Joe Jrs. won from St. X. At present the Juniors have 720%; St. X. has 400%.

St. Joe 28; St. X. 5.

On Sunday, Feb. 16th, the St. Joe All Stars whipped St. X. by a score of 28 to 5. St. X. has never beaten St. Joe by such a large margin.

The game was that of experienced basket ball players. Foot ball was forgotten and a clean, fast game ensued. Brady, Laux and Smith were the players on whom the game progressed. It is understood, however, that the rest of the players toed the mark. Brady pulled across eight field goals. St. X. was lost. They could neither find man nor basket.

The line-up follows:

St. Joe.	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Lange	0	0	0
Laux	5	0	10
Brady	8	0	16
Recker W.	1	0	2
Smith	0	0	0
Carlin	0	0	0
Total	14	0	28

St. X.	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Oberhauser	1	0	2
Esser	1	0	2
Gengler	0	1	1
Schon	0	0	0
Pottkotter	0	0	0
Boeff	0	0	0
Total	4	1	5

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SENIOR LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	%
I & II Latins	0	2	000
III Latins	4	1	800
IV Latins	2	1	666
Commercials	2	3	400

ACADEMIC LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	%
Spoilers	0	2	000
Rounders	2	2	500
Senators	1	2	333
Warriors	3	0	1000

MIDGET LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	%
Orioles	3	1	750
Giants	1	2	333
Independents	2	0	1000
Tigers	0	3	000

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	%
Night Hawks	4	0	1000
Junior Stars	2	1	666
Mohawks	1	2	333
Iroquois	0	2	000
Allies	1	1	500
Yanks	1	3	250

A MUSICAL INSINCERITY.

How soon we judge the soul of taste
By all its treacherous little acts!
Some ludicrous thing will oft' betray
The real sincerity it lacks.

And so our heroine's sad fate;
The all that she aspired to do
Was pose as lover of one art,
Of music, — mighty gift of few.

No carping word could chill the fervor
Of her faith in this great art.
Was melody yet played or sung
That did not charm her ready heart.

But once there came a time that put
Her admiration to the test.
Oh, sad for her, for afterward
It proved a never ending jest.

The very night of which I write,
She sat in the crowded concert-hall;
The long-haired master raised his baton,
An awful hush came over all.

Then there arose a swelling strain,
And through the spacious room it ran.
As quickly to her nearest friend
Our heroine's chattering tongue began.

A moment later came a pause;
Alas! to bear this news is hard,
The music-lover's voice was heard:
"O yes! we fry our fish in lard."

L. P.

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"Whiskers" continued from page 2.

covered with so-called "blackheads." They took bottles of medicine to purify their blood. Thanks to modern science this bubble has been exploded. What are blackheads? They are nothing else but the little elevations where the little hair of whiskers try to pierce the hard skin, and are not successful in their attempt. Some people are extraordinarily thick-skinned. By all means, the farmer's method is to be used. Get a harrow in the shape of a steel brush and rub the skin and the sides of your face briskly about three times a day and notice the effect

With some young men whisker spawn lies dormant too long. At the age of eighteen or nineteen years they are still in a state of expectation. There are many popular remedies for this trouble (I need not mention them) that help matters along. There are two ways of applying them: the interior, or pushing method, and the exterior, or coaxing method. If whiskers wont show up before a man is twenty-five, he is a hopeless case.

If we are planting a young orchard we use system, i. e., plant the young trees so many feet apart either way, for the simple reason that they may have plenty of light, air, and moisture, and that they may have enough nourishment from the ground.

This system must necessarily be applied to whiskers also, and for the same reasons. The individual hair should stand about one hundreth of a millimeter apart each way; there should not be more than two thousand and five hair to the square inch. If they stand thicker, get your friend to thin them out for you, but be very careful that you get the roots also.

N. B.—For the benefit of my younger readers this most interesting subject will be continued in the next number of the Cheer.

Beans, seeing the word 'baton' under list of musical instruments asked Cotton Meyers if he knew anyone who could play it. Meyers told him that he didn't know how it sounds, but 'there's a fellow I knew up in Detroit who could play it well.'

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 Extracalicular meteorography.
 Mystification diversiflorus
 Dynamization — that ought not bore us
 Dodecapetalous — Gee that's precarious!

Out of these mountain-like blocks rude strewn
 Cut out a slab that is beauteous when hewn,
 Endless in meaning, eternally sent.
 Hew it and see what a monument
 Looming above any name or fame,
 Hovering aye o'er the world's tent.

Careful cutting, if done as bidden, I now repeat
 Gives you this stone — a word, a name too sweet.
 Line number one you first take up.
 Use only every other line.
 Just retain initial letters.
 And lastly, substitute for this quintet
 The five signs next in the alphabet.

LOCALS.

Questions and Answers.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Can you give me some advice on how to eat
 soup without spilling it on my front step?
 Schnitz.

Dear Carl:

We have little advice to offer you. We did not
 know you were so fat as to have a front step.
 We can offer you a suggestion, namely, that you
 acquire either a soup colored vest or mercerized
 canvas.

Dear Mr. Editor:

How can I acquire the beauteous and romantic
 complexion of a blushing rose?
 Daleiden.

Dear Schoop:

We seriously advise you to apply the soap and
 brush. At least once a day will bring effects.
 However on account of past indifference you may
 need sapolio and Dutch Cleanser to attain the de-
 sired effect.

It is a pleasure for us to Solve your clothes
 troubles. When in town don't fail to call at
 Duvall's Quality Shop.

Dear Sir:

What would you advise me to do. Carl Schnitz
 and Carl Gaul are a little ahead of me in average
 and I wish to get the medal this year.

Wilfred Smith.

Dear Emma:

I would advise you to ask Schnitz and Gaul to
 hand in some blank papers or to decline in your
 favor. But we would seriously and in all earnest-
 ness suggest that you take third over and have
 a better chance.

Things Seen and Heard in Collegeville.

Daleiden spilling the profits of the "Candy
 Company" on the basket ball floor.

Deininger says: "Instead of an alarm clock I'm
 going to have a player piano that will automati-
 cally play the 'Star Spangled Banner' every
 morning."

Conscientious Reformers of the R. J. S. C.

Juniors complaining: "I'm booked".

Kampsen says: "If you eat a piece of mince
 pie before retiring you will dream all night and
 not know a thing about it the next morning.

Forward! March!

The whole gang is marching up to Duvall's
 Quality Shop for that New Spring Stetson.

Sheehan:—Do you think Sweeney will ever be-
 come an orator?

Ernst:—Sure! Even now he holds one spell-
 bound when he speaks to one.

"Say, Sheehan, some snoring you gave us last
 night."

"Aw! git outh. Why ah was awake hawf the
 time."

"O, you woke yourself up then?"

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 ishings, just visit Duvall's Quality Shop.

Prof. "What is the 'characteristic' in Trigo-
 nometry?"

Boeff. "Why—O—aw—it makes gets one all
 balled up."

Reichert: Did you get punished for not hand-
 ing in your Greek theme?

Lear: I should say so. I had to stay in the
 music room while the choir was practicing.

Messrs Francis Anthony Miller, Francis Vincent
 McCormack and Hugh Francis Striff were pleas-
 ant callers at the Indian School as guests of Bro.
 Francis on Monday evening, Feb. 17.

**The
New
Spring**



**The
New
Spring**

Soft Collars Are Now In



■ 25c, 35c, 50c.

Hilliard & Hamill
THE YOUNG MAN'S STORE



LOVE UNTIRING.

The two had been talking for nigh one hour.
Still longer might have been their talk
Could something of interest only rise
Just then
So both agreed to take a walk.

A bit of her humor and fancy mixed
As free she asked a-down the land;
"I guess you have heard that a kiss is love's
Own tongue?"
"That so?" he laughed — "let's talk again."

PRINCESS THEATRE

Only the Best in Photo Plays
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Now Open under Robertson & Viant Management
Remodeled Throughout — New Fixtures
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